

## SAW-BONES

# BY ELEPHANT TO THE GARDEN of EDEN TO THE GRAND MOGUL

FIRST man ever to become official saw-bones to the armies of the Grand Moguls of India was a French doctor, Francis Bernier.

He started travelling as soon as he got his degree, in 1652, and after adventures in Abyssinia, crossed through Palestine and Syria, and landed in India a year later.

He was immediately imprisoned and taken to Delhi before the Grand Mogul, Aurangzeb, who believed that he was a spy in the pay of the Dutch, with whom the Grand Mogul was at war.

Bernier pleaded that he was a medico—and no Dutchman, but French.

Aurangzeb answered:

"I have a servant who is ill; if you cure him, you enter the service of my army. If you fail, you are executed."

The doctor found that the servant was suffering from a type of influenza.

"I poured a great quantity of physick down the man's throat," he says in his chronicle, "and, greatly to my surprise and joy, he promptly recovered."

So Bernier became M.O. to the Grand Mogul. Two months later the Grand Mogul decided to go to Kashmir.

**BERNIER** says:—

"The King left this city on the sixth day of September, at three o'clock in the afternoon; a day and an hour which, according to the astrologers of Delhi, cannot fail to be propitious to long journeys.

"He is attended by 35,000 cavalry, which at all times compose his bodyguard, and by infantry exceeding 10,000 in number, but likewise by the heavy artillery and the light or 'stirrup-artillery,' so called because it is inseparable from the King's person."

"Then there was the heavy artillery of 70 pieces, mostly of brass, which are so ponderous that twenty yoke of oxen are needed to draw them. These, when the road is rugged, require the aid of elephants, which push the carriage wheels with their heads.

"I myself am on an elephant, and we make but slow progress."

So slow, indeed, that it took the great royal retinue more than two months to reach Lahore from Delhi; for the Emperor would frequently go from the highway to hunt—and if any spot struck him as being pleasant, he would

call a halt and stay there for a couple of days or more. To-day or to-morrow or next week meant little to the Moslem Moguls.

The Emperor was accompanied by a large number of rajahs and their separate retinues.

Not the least important of the guards were the court eunuchs who surrounded the women of the court.

"Aurangzeb's favourite wife, Raushenara - Begum," says Bernier, "travels on a silken bed, surrounded by silk curtains; and this capacious bed is suspended between two small elephants. In front of the litter is a young, well-dressed female slave, with a peacock's tail in her hand, keeping the flies off the princess."

"For, indeed, the whole seraglio was of great luxury and pomp. Stretch imagination to its utmost limits and you can conceive no exhibition more grand and imposing than when Raushenara - Begum, mounted on a stupendous Pegu elephant and seated on a throne blazing



HOUSE-BOATS ON THE JHELUM

with gold and azure, is followed by five or six other elephants with thrones nearly as resplendent as her own, and filled with ladies attached to her household.

"Close to the princess are the chief eunuchs, richly adorned and finely mounted, each with a wand of office in his hand; and, surrounding her elephant, a troop of female servants, fantastically attired and riding handsome pad horses.

"Besides these attendants are several eunuchs on horseback, accompanied by a multitude of pajis, or lackeys, on foot, with large canes, who advance a great way before the princess both to the left and right, for the purpose of clearing the road and driving before them every intruder. There is something very impressive of state and royalty in the march of these sixty or more elephants in their solemn, measured steps; in the glory and splendour of the thrones and the brilliant troops round them."

But, adds Bernier, you had to be careful not to get too close to these ladies of the court.

It was a proverbial observation in accompanying these armies that three things were to be carefully avoided: the first, not to get among the favourite horses of the Emperor—for they were all kickers; the second, not to intrude on the Mogul's hunting ground—he was quite capable of shooting you as well as the animals he was after; and the third—give a wide berth to the ladies.

All the fair dames were almost inaccessible to the sight of man, and anyone who got too close to the seraglio was at once beaten to within an inch of his life by the eunuchs.

Bernier himself was once nearly caught like that—but he drew his sword, spurred up the horse he was riding at the time, and broke through the eunuchs by beating them with the flat of his sword.

After leaving Lahore to march forward to the foothills, Bernier found the heat insupportable, even at the beginning of April. Not a cloud was to be seen, not a breath of air felt; the horses were exhausted and not a blade of green grass was visible.

Bernier was a martyr to prickly heat.

"I feel as if I should myself expire," he says, "and that before night. All my hopes are in four or five limes still remaining for lemonade, and in a little dry curd which I am about to drink diluted with water and with sugar. Dear God, this heat . . . the ink dries at the end of my pen, and the pen itself drops from my hand."

For several weeks he had to stay at the foot of the hills, encamped in the dry bed of a river—a very furnace—for the journey had to be made in relays to avoid crowding the elephants up the steep paths in the mountains.

But this precaution did not prevent an accident in which the French traveller almost lost his life.

His party was ascending the Pir-Panjal mountain pass, 12,000 feet high, from which a distant view of Kashmir is first obtained, when the leading elephant suddenly sat down.

At this, the second elephant stepped back, bumped the third, and in a few seconds twenty elephants were locked together in a frightened, trumpeting mass, with a precipice on one side.

And in the centre of it all sat the doctor, scared stiff, as he says himself.

He knew he had to get out of this jam one way or another, and by standing on tip-toes on the swaying back of his elephant he managed to grasp a branch of an overhanging tree and pull himself free.

A few seconds later the whole frightened jumble of elephants fell over the precipice, bearing the forty people on their backs down the 1,000 feet drop with them. Bernier was the only man who escaped death.

When this got to the ears of the Grand Mogul, the French doctor was regarded as specially blessed by Providence—since, it was argued, Allah had willed his life to continue—and Bernier was immediately given a rise in salary.

As soon as Bernier reached Kashmir, it struck him that the beautiful valley of the Jhelum had been at one time a vast lake until the pent-up waters had pierced a way through the foothills of the Himalayas and out into the plains of India. This seems to be confirmed by the folk-lore of India, which speaks of a sudden great flood coming from the mountains in

the times of the ancient gods, when a million people were drowned.

The Moguls called Kashmir "The Terrestrial Paradise," and Bernier himself identified Kashmir with the Garden of Eden rather than the districts round Armenia which Christian mythology points out.

He points out that, without much stretch of geographical conditions, it may be said the Ganges, the Indus, the Chenab and the Jamna all issue from Kashmir or the adjacent regions, and are more likely than any others to have represented the rivers of Paradise alluded to in Genesis and in earlier Babylonian records.

The early white races who discovered and invaded Kashmir passed on—some of them into Persia and onwards to Armenia, Mesopotamia and Egypt, carrying their civilisation with them, and no doubt, as they went, a gradually fading remembrance of the exquisite land in which they had once made their home. Bernier says:

"All my travels were worth just one glimpse of this, the most beautiful garden of a country I have ever beheld or even dreamed on. There are lovely rivers, lakes, mountains, flowers—and the finest flowers of all are the women, as fair as any in the South of France—and far more beautiful."

Among the tales which Bernier brought back from his Eden was the story of the "Valley-Where-It-Rains-If-You-Shout."

This, he says, is near the White Stone Mountain—the Sang-i-Safeid—in the bosom of which nestles an exquisite oasis, warmed by the sun's rays in summer and then becoming a garden filled with flowers.

"Here," says Bernier, "I was warned by the hermits that it was most dangerous to make much noise or agitate the air with loud cries, as in such cases torrents of rain immediately descended. Hermits and saints, indeed, do take up their stations round this valley for the purpose of warning troops of merchants or the leaders of armies, of the consequences which would befall them if they allowed their men to shoot or shout as they reached the entry to the oasis."

"Indeed," he continues, "I myself later heard of a party, the leader of which I knew well, who neglected this warning, as I was tempted to do myself, for it seemed a

veritable superstition, not to be accepted by a man trained in science. But, fortunately, I did not do so—for my friend and his troops, who had fired shots in the air, lost their lives in the mountain torrents which were swollen in a brief space by the volumes of rain that came pouring down after the discharge of the shots."

Bernier returned after a six-month stay in Kashmir to Delhi in the train of Aurangzeb—when he fell into serious trouble.

Aurangzeb suddenly decided that he could have none but Moslems in his army, and Bernier was told he must adhere to the Moslem religion forthwith or lose his life. At the same time, it was added, he would have to take a Moslem wife to prove the sincerity of his conversion.

Bernier seemed to accept this order, but at once planned to make his escape—no easy matter, for he was carefully watched, and had many enemies who would have killed him at the drop of a hat, if only to gain the Grand Mogul's favour.

One moonless night, Bernier set out from his chambers, letting himself down from his window by a rope of sheets knotted together.

He had stolen women's clothing, and was heavily muffled up in the long robes and face covering of a widow. He made his way to the gates of the city, and there bluffed his way through the guards by weeping in a falsetto voice and pretending to be a mad old woman.

"It was a perilous moment," he says. "One of many."

It took him eight months to reach Bengal, travelling by night and hiding by day—still in his widow's weeds.

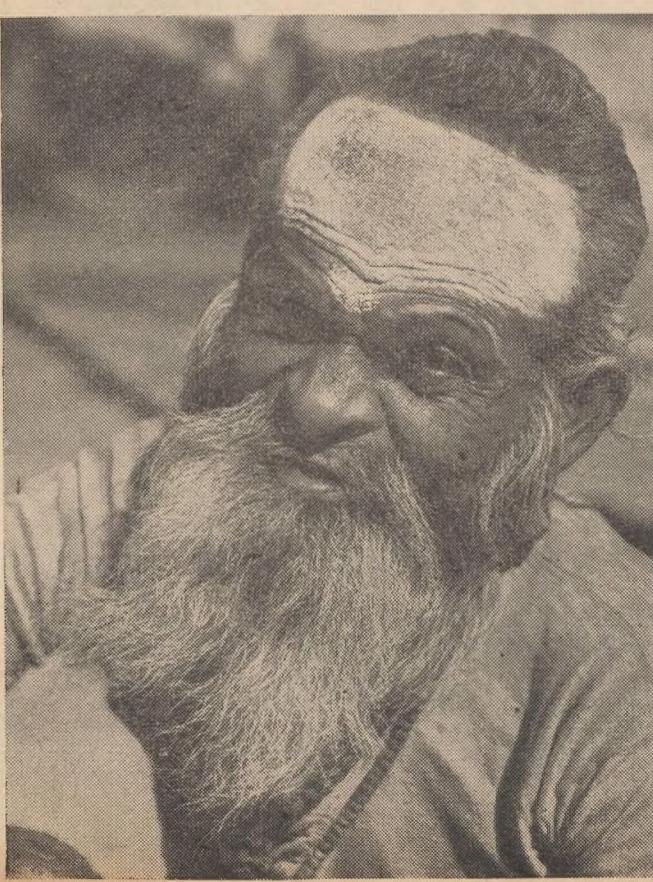
Twice he was attacked by robbers, but fought them off with his sword.

"Thank God," he adds, "that in my wild student days I was a notorious dueller and spent more time with my fencing master than with my professor of physiology."

From Bengal, he managed to get an English vessel in the pearl trade which was bound for the Persian Gulf.

He then travelled overland through Persia to Syria, and reached Marseilles and Paris in 1669—17 years after he first began his travels. But he never travelled again.

"I don't want to tempt fate," he said—and he died an old man in his family home in Anjou.



# TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

WE asked a Philosopher, a Psychologist, a Physiologist, and Mrs. Everywoman to clear up the question:

**Men and women are said nowadays to be "equal," yet they are plainly of different temperaments. Is this difference real, and, if so, what exactly is it?**

**Philosopher:** "The equality of men and women does not apply to their temperaments, but to their value as citizens. It is obvious that they are not equal in all respects. In some things, such as nursing a child, women are far better than men, but in others, such as building bridges, men are far better than women.

"There are, of course, always exceptions, and I believe that the designer of the famous Sydney Harbour Bridge was a woman. But the general principle holds true, namely, that women are different from men, and therefore excel in different things."

**Psychologist:** "The question is really about differences in temperament, and the plain fact is that women's interests centre mainly round themselves, while men's interests lie chiefly outside themselves."

**Mrs. Everywoman:** "I disagree entirely! Men, on the whole, are selfish animals. They consider their own business, their own pleasure, their own bodies. But women are always having to consider others, whether it is their families or their friends.

"It is men who are self-centred, not women. I regard the Psychologist's statement as a most unwarranted affront to all self-sacrificing mothers."

**Psychologist:** "Well, I apologize

for giving offence, but I stick to my point, nevertheless. Perhaps I can make it clearer. Men are chiefly interested in things, and things lie outside human bodies and human feelings altogether. But women are interested chiefly in people,

"Why this preference for people over things? Because people arouse emotions in them, are part of their lives as social creatures, and above all—because women themselves are people. They say they dress finely to please their husbands, but why please their husbands if it is not nice to be admired?"

"Women can be extremely unselfish, but not as regards anything completely outside themselves, or completely outside the life they enjoy. That is why there are so few really great women in science, art, or literature, and why there are more in literature than in the others."

**Physiologist:** "The reason for this is, of course, the natural function of women as child-bearers. They are the nurses of the race. They are built to take care of people, whereas men are built to roam abroad.

"Physiologically, women are more primitive than men. The male body is much more specialised and—believe it or not—much more sensitive. Women who are more or less equivalent to men in their activities are generally deficient in their sex-life.

"This is not always so, but in answering such a question as this, we must deal in averages."

**Philosopher:** "To sum up, then, men and women are equally valuable as citizens, but they cannot be called equal in

any other sense because they are different."

"Women are better than men in some things; men are better than women in others. Woman's field is human relationships, emotions, life. Man's characteristic field is 'things' as opposed to people, reason, intellect.

"Nobody dare proclaim that either of these fields is more important or 'higher' than the other. They are just different."

**Mrs. Everywoman:** "None of you understand a thing about it! Why, this Brains Trust would not even exist if it were not for women, and I don't know how much of the credit you are taking to yourselves is not really due to your mothers."

## QUIZ for today

1. Dittany is a musical term, a folk song, a flower, a drug, a small pony?

2. Who wrote (a) The Devil's Disciple, (b) The Devil is an Ass?

3. Which of these is an intruder, and why? — Great Britain, Australia, Portugal, Madagascar, Ceylon, Greenland.

4. What was Dickens' full name?

5. Who said "None but the brave deserves the fair"?

6. What is the highest mountain in Europe?

7. Which of these words are mis-spelt: Catechism, Preveritate, Electuary, Repetition, Innervate?

8. What is the shortest time in which the Channel has been swum?

9. Who was Alan Quartermaine?

10. Correct "For men may come and men may go, but I flow on for ever." Who wrote it?

11. America declared its independence in 1736, 1746, 1756, 1766, 1776?

12. Complete the pairs (a) Split and —, (b) Amos and

NEWS.

HARD, HARK, HACK, LACK, LUCK.

4. Gape, Pare, Pear, Page, Gore, Rage, Gear, Rice, Race, Pace, Cape, Care, Cage, Core, Cope, Pice, Pier, Ripe, Ogre, Grip, Pore, Rope, Reap, etc.

Cigar, Grace, Grape, Rigor, Crape, Price, Grope, Caper, Racer, Riper, Gripe, etc.

5. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MEDITERRANEAN?

6. Place the same two letters in the same order, both before and after PHABETIC, to make a word.

7. Rearrange the letters of MEN STIR STEW, to make a famous city.

8. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change HARD into BLOW, ROAST into JOINT, SICK into BAYS, COKE into OVEN.

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## ROUND THE WORLD WITH OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN



### THE GODS HAVE A FIGHT.

The bull is a sacred animal to the Hindus; and when two bulls meet—as these two met in a Calcutta street—they sometimes have an argument and try to push each other off the earth. All business among the Hindus stops, for it is a solemn sight to see a couple of Gods in battle. To interfere would be sacrilege, so they get a free field and no favours.

### ODD CORNER

Fifty million books, if laid like bricks, would make a wall 5ft. high for the whole length of the Suez Canal, or from London to Bristol. They would make a wall 8ft. high right round the Isle of Wight. If set like paving blocks, they would make a path 5ft. wide from London to Berlin.

If the pages of the fifty million books were torn out, they would reach from the earth to the moon five times, or go round the Equator fifty times. They would be sufficient to cover the County of London with a layer of paper 11 sheets thick, or to cover with a single layer a county the size of Cornwall. The

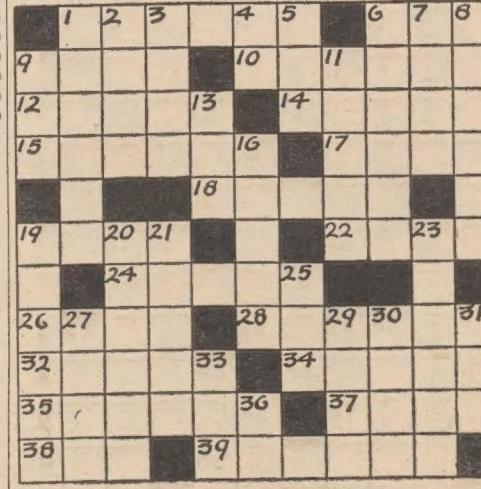
lines of print, if joined end to end, would reach from the earth to the sun.

George Bernard Shaw, in a letter to Ellen Terry, dated 1896, said of his ears: "They are a Shaw speciality. They stick straight out like the doors of a triptych; and I was born with them full size, so that on windy days my nurse had to hold me by my waistband to prevent my

being blown away when the wind caught them."

George III once spent a holiday at Weymouth, and went for a bathe. In Fanny Burney's diary for 1789 she wrote: "The King bathes, and with great success; a machine follows the Royal one into the sea, filled with fiddlers, who play 'God Save The King' as His Majesty takes the plunge."

### CROSSWORD CORNER



#### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Mountain Group.
- 6 Reptile.
- 9 Vehicle.
- 10 Rudder lever.
- 12 Constellation.
- 14 Old coin.
- 15 Sliding receptacle.
- 17 Droop.
- 18 Ladies.
- 19 Booty.
- 22 Optimistic.
- 24 Plump.
- 26 Persistently.
- 28 Flat fish.
- 32 Observes.
- 34 Root protection.
- 35 Believe.
- 37 Boy's name.
- 38 Close.
- 39 Lids.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

BOWLER	SKIN
U	HONITONE
FRIGID	LIVE
FIT	Pronoun.
EVER	Disputed.
RUB	Organ of fish.
TUNED	Pale one.
GLASS	7 Disappointment.
L	Fairly.
GUM	9 Hoax.
ERIC	11 Let down.
RESIDUE	13 Novel.
ROY	16 Automaton.
OTTO	19 Striking position.
SILENT	20 Diminished.
O	21 Ridiculed.
INHERES	23 Fragrant flowers.
H	25 Silent.
MARS	27 Dressed in.
SETTLE	29 Sway.

#### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Vegetable.
- 2 Melody.
- 3 Pack closely.
- 4 Pronoun.
- 5 Organ of fish.
- 6 Pale one.
- 7 Disappointment.
- 8 Fairly.
- 9 Hoax.
- 11 Let down.
- 13 Novel.
- 16 Automaton.
- 19 Striking position.
- 20 Diminished.
- 21 Ridiculed.
- 23 Fragrant flowers.
- 25 Silent.
- 27 Dressed in.
- 29 Sway.
- 30 Dim.
- 31 Definite article.
- 33 Accurately quoted.
- 36 As far as.



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



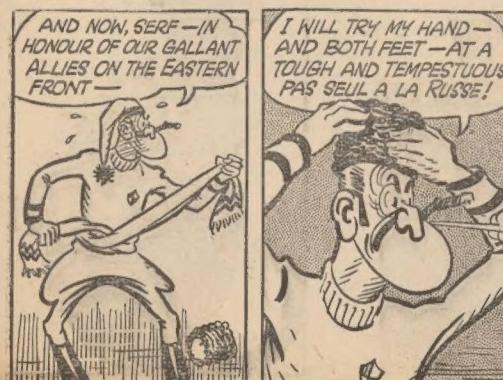
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# HARDLY SHIP-SHAPE

(No. 4) By E. W. DROOD

THE funny thing about the E. R. Sterling was that one never really knew what she would look like when one saw her next; nor, indeed, what her name would be.

The only unchangeable things about her seem to be that she was an iron ship, of 2,518 tons burthen, built in Belfast in 1883 by Harland and Wolff for the Belfast Lord Line.

By the time she was 45 years old she had changed her name four times, her rig three times, and had been dismasted thrice.

In her young days she was a four-masted full-rigged ship, and her name was Lord Wolseley. In her late teens, in 1900, as a matter of fact, she was transferred to German ownership. She then became the Columbia. At the same time, by taking the square yards off her fourth mast, she became a barque. With that double change her luck went, too, for a while.

Only three years later she lost both fore and main masts in a gale, and after being towed to Esquimalt and surveyed, was handed over to the underwriters, who sold her to owners who changed her name back to Lord Wolseley.

But she was to have no rest, because she was soon sold again to a Vancouver shipowner, who, as will probably have been guessed, rechristened her the Everett G. Griggs. That, of course, was not sufficient, and she had to be re-rigged.

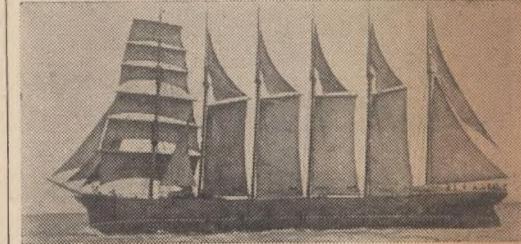
After that she did look rather a funny ship. She was given six masts, the foremast being square and the remainder fore and aft rigged. So now she called herself a six-masted barkantine—a five-masted schooner with a ship's foremast.

For a long spell life was pretty peaceful. There was no upset when, in 1910, a well-known Pacific Coast captain, E. R. Sterling, bought her; though, being an honest man as well as a fine seaman, he did give her his own name. But that was only natural, as he and his family were very fond of her.

He gave her a thorough grooming and bought her all sorts of pretty things—electric light, telephones and wireless. Sterling's family went to sea with him, and they even had a pianola.

When the owner's son, Ray, took command, four years later, he added considerably to the amenities of life on board. She was refurnished and there was a new motor-boat and a new motor-car for shore trips.

She was certainly well treated, but she did him pretty proud, too, for sailing in the lumber trade in the Pacific during the



first World War, she earned him a lot of money. It was a mutual affection, as though he was offered nearly three times as much as she cost his father, he would not part with her.

One would suppose that such a partnership was too ideal to be allowed to last. Luck just had to change. In 1927, bound from Adelaide for London with a cargo of wheat, she ran into unusually bad weather off the Horn.

Coming through that safely, she was just past the Falklands when a terrific storm swept the main and mizzen masts overboard. Limping on towards the Cape Verde Islands, a hurricane carried away the foremast. Managing to set up a jury rig forward, the captain declined a tow, and the ship crawled at last to St. Thomas.

The end was not far off. There was no chance of re-rigging at St. Thomas, but Captain Sterling would not abandon the old girl. A Dutch ocean-going tug crossed the Atlantic to fetch her, and at the end of January, 1928, the ship was towed up London River, 286 days out of Adelaide.

In spite of Captain Sterling's desire to repair her, the cost was found to be excessive. Her fore lower mast was still standing, but main and mizzen masts had gone at the deck, only half the spanker was still there, and the driver had lost its top-mast. The jigger, the fifth mast in line, was the only whole stick left.

So, for the last time, the former Lord Wolseley was sold—to the ship-breakers.

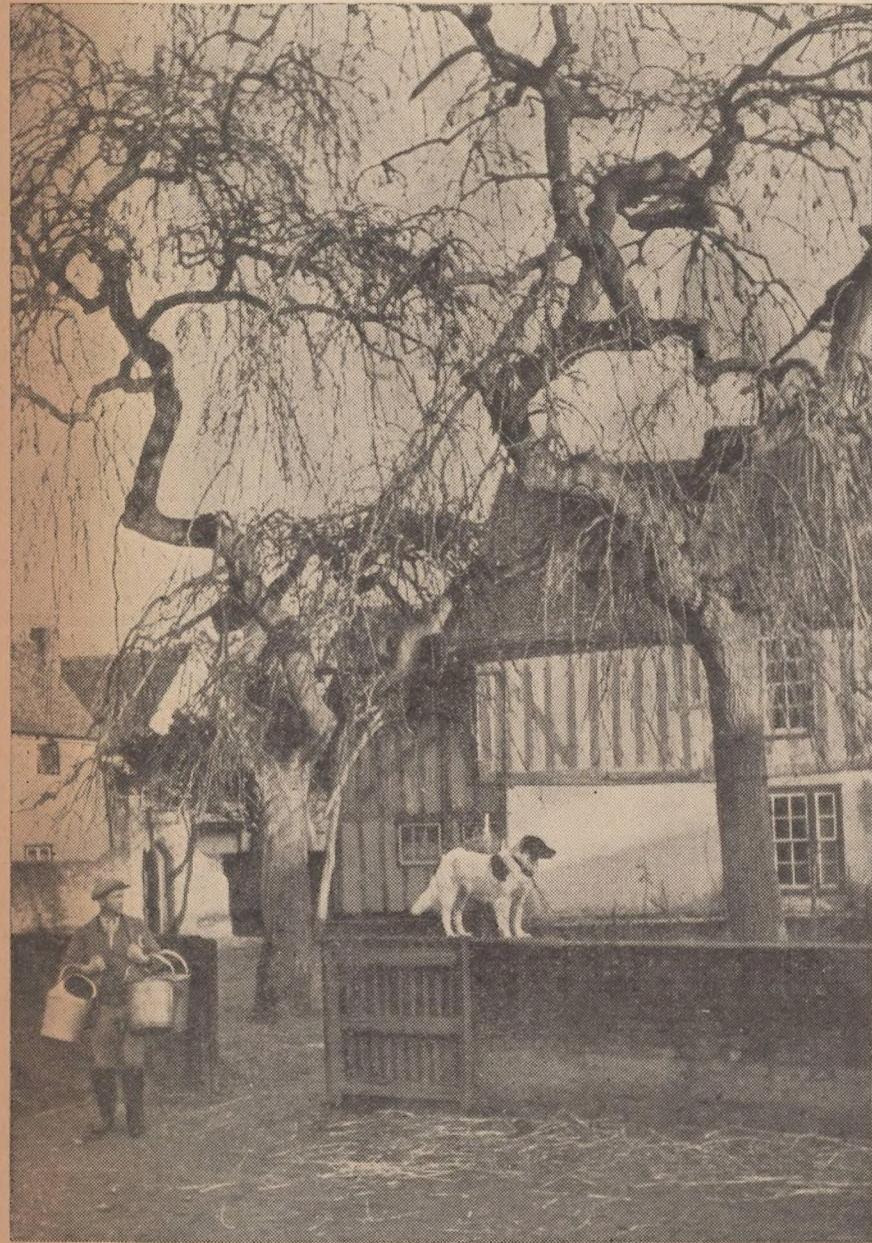
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# Good Morning

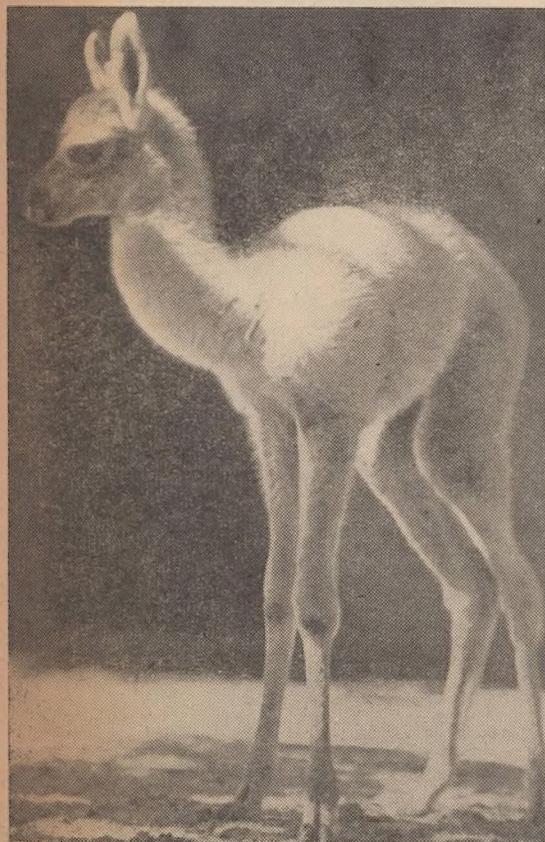
All communications to be addressed  
to "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## This England

Lavenham, in Suffolk, contains some of the oldest and most perfect examples of half-timbered houses in England. These in the picture are colour-washed pink.



Greer Garson, the English girl who made such a success as Mrs. Chips and Mrs. Miniver, that she almost became Mrs. England in the process.



"What a strange place to find oneself in. I'm sure Mum and Pop used to talk about desert sands."

## 'XCUSE PLEASE

"You might at least have knocked. After all a girl HAS her dignity to keep up."



Scram, you—or you'll need all the luck you're supposed to give to people, for yourself.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Nine lives won't be one too many, sister."

